



ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

PART FIFTEEN

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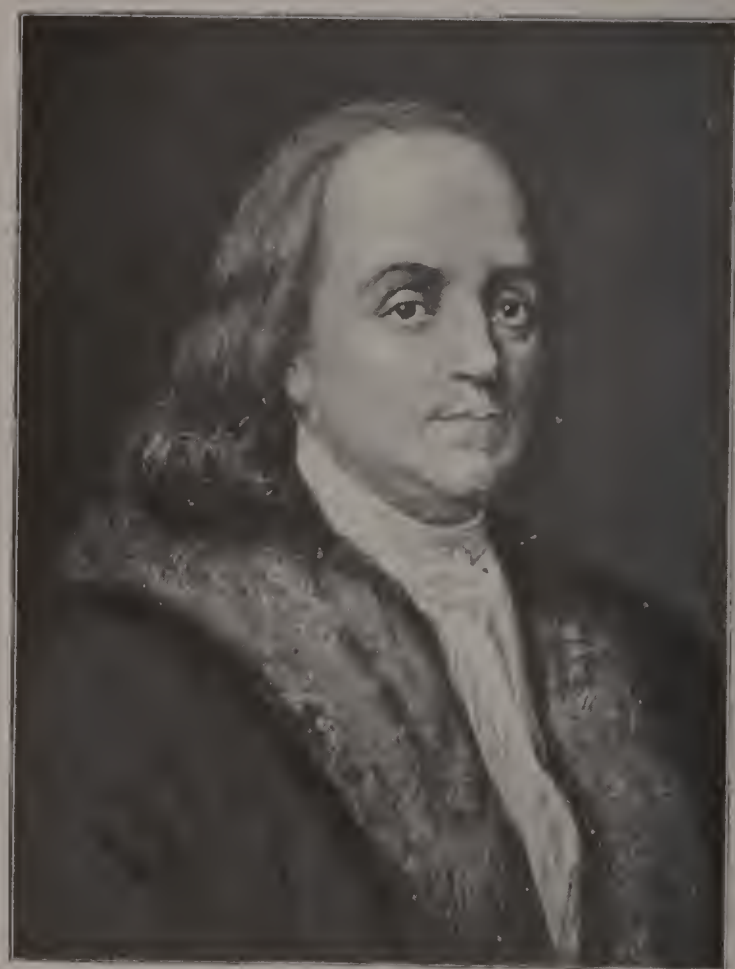


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ENGLISH AND
AMERICAN
LITERATURE

A CORRESPONDENCE
COURSE IN LITERARY
CRITICISM, INTER-
PRETATION AND
HISTORY

By C. H. SYLVESTER

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INCLUDING NUMEROUS
MASTERPIECES

IN EIGHTEEN PARTS
PART FIFTEEN,
THE LITERARY POWERS

CHICAGO
INTERSTATE SCHOOL OF
CORRESPONDENCE

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Part Fifteen

The Literary Powers

(Continued)

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Phrasal Power

Phrasal Power

Words are things. They seem endowed with life. They have an almost human existence. Springing into being at the promptings of nature, they live through ages and are passed from one human being to another, gathering associations as they go till they come to us, their latest users carrying a burden of meaning we do not stop to realize. *Home, parents, morning, Sabbath, battle, peace, patriotism* are such words. Pronounce them one at a time and wait for the thronging images to come into your mind. How each brings up its own series of pictures, bright at first, then fading quickly away but to give place to others equally vivid! Is it of *morning* you are thinking? Then the pictures are flashing landscapes glittering in the first rosy colors of the approaching dawn; they are dark and sullen with the driving mists from northern lakes; they are clear and brilliant with distant snow-capped mountains, the cold breath from which stirs the blood like new wine; they are pictures of the narrow, oppressive walls that hemmed you in on that dismal morn of your first bitter disappointment, or the wide aisles of the forest in which you wandered after you had achieved your first triumph in your struggles with the world.

Phrasal Power

There are adjectives, too, that have a similar power and when they are combined with the right nouns, they restrict the number of the pictures we may call up but intensify those we see. *Summer* is a suggestive word but when Lowell speaks of “*lavish* summer” we are caught by the extravagant richness and beauty of the season and recognize the brilliancy of a phrase we should never have thought of uttering. Bryant speaks of the “*rocking* billows” and the aptness of the expression intensifies our view as it shuts out the “*bounding* billows” we had seen. Bryant has the “all beholding sun” and Lowell the “unscarred heaven.” Going a step farther and attributing to inanimate things some of the qualities of the living, Goldsmith calls the desolate waste about his “sweet Auburn,” the “*pensive* plain” and Whittier, feeling the presence of his family even in the deserted home, hears no step on the “*conscious* floor.”

All these phrases attract our attention and appeal to our æsthetic sense. Again Whittier tells us of a low green tent, and carries out his figure by adding “whose curtain never outward swings.” The shuddering horror of the grave is not before us, but the peace and quiet of a restful home.

The word *phrase* we do not use in its strict grammatical sense but with a wider meaning. The phrase is a unit of literary expression and may be of considerable length and even include a whole

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sentence. The ability to coin these phrases is one of the great gifts possessed by the true poet and the powerful writer of prose. In them the author shows his marked originality and his distinct personality to a conspicuous degree. Phrase making becomes a passion with some writers and one learns to recognize the polished antithetical type that marks the school of Pope, and the less ornate but equally pointed apothegms of Franklin. Other writers seem to achieve their results by a flash of inspiration, a sudden crystallization of the elements of thought into forms that sparkle like diamonds. There is in such no conscious attempt to formulate, but somewhere in the higher regions of the intellect the emotions recognize delicate relationships and arrange the words without awaiting the slow will of the writer. The best of these phrases become a part of the language and are themselves as inseparable as the single word. We use them without a thought of their origin. They are common property and their authorship is frequently unknown. "A dim religious light", "Laughter holding both his sides" are from Milton; "A bold bad man", "The noblest mind the best contentment has" from Spenser; "The devil can cite Scripture to his purpose", "Frailty, thy name is woman", "Brevity is the soul of wit", "Main chance", Dogberry's "Comparisons are odorous", "What's in a name?", "We have seen better days", are all from the plays of

Phrasal Power

Shakespeare. Franklin, Goldsmith, Pope and others have contributed scores of the phrases that have proved the small change of conversation since they were first written.

The humorist sees relationships that do not appear to everyone and brings together incongruous ideas in such a way as to strike our fancy and excite our sense of the ludicrous. Dickens in *The Cricket on the Hearth* dashes off many of these humorous phrases: the horse is "tearing up the road by his impatient autographs"; the dog is "discharging a circle of short barks round the horse", wagging that "nothing of a fag end of a tail of his"; the baby wears a cap, "sort of a nankeen raised pie." The writings of Holmes are full of witty phrases and Irving, Charles Lamb and Thackeray have each in his own way mastered the charming art of facetious expression.

Much of the popular current literature is manufactured by ignorant emotional beings, who see relations where none exist and flood their pages with absurd attempts at fine writing. In a great daily of recent date is an illustration of this. The prominent continued story abounds in exciting situations, and the author indulges in such sentences as these: The hero "could not sleep. The Cretan night was too *intense*. The moonlight on the ground was *passionately* white." An *intense* night and *passionate* moonlight are hard to realize. A false and forced emotion cannot rouse a true

Phrasal Power

one ; the actor must feel his part, must be the character he represents. Unless there is sincerity in the emotion which prompts the phrase the result of such a mingling of strong adjectives is merely ridiculous.

Many of the notable phrases quoted above are felicitous merely. The combination of ideas is an appropriate one and the reader is sensible of keen enjoyment as he reads them. Dr. John Brown in speaking of the dog Rab says he was "a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog"; he has a "tattered rag of an ear" which was "forever unfurling itself like an old flag" and a "bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long,—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear and it, were of the oddest and swiftest." In spite of the trifling mixture of metaphors the passage abounds in felicitous descriptive phrases.

To Wordsworth, the daisy is "A nun demure, of lowly port"; for Burns, it has its "snawie bosom sunward spread." Coleridge sees a river "Five miles meandering with amazing motion"; around Burns and his Mary, "Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore" and Wordsworth loves "The little brooks, that seem all pastime, all play" and the child than which, "A lovelier flower on earth was never sown" lived —

Phrasal Power

“In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round.”

From Burns :

“Or rapt Isaiah’s wild seraphic fire.”

“He who stills the raven’s clam’rous nest.”

From Goldsmith :

“Words of learned length and thundering sound.”

“Blossomed furze unprofitably gay.”

The dexterous phrase which seems to lack the natural grace and beauty of the felicitous phrase makes a second class. It is a piece of artistic work but it shows the handiwork of its creator. It is clear, concise and pointed. It is less descriptive, is more intellectual and more powerful but less emotional. The felicitous phrase grows as a flower and its parts belong to each other by right of birth ; the dexterous phrase is made, like the sword. Of this class are many of Franklin’s sayings :

“Drive thy business ! Let not that drive thee.”

“Constant dropping wears away stones.”

“He that lives on hope will die fasting.”

“A fat kitchen makes a lean will.”

Pope is an accomplished maker of this kind of phrase :

“Man never is but always to be blest.”

“Order is heaven’s first law.”

“What thin partitions sense from thought divide.”

Phrasal Power

“And beauty draws us with a single hair.”

But there is a third phrase that surpasses these, the phrase of power. Beauty is sacrificed to strength, delicacy of expression to profundity of thought. These great phrases appeal to the higher intellectual qualities of man and move him to the depths. Such phrases are rare as are all the really great things of nature.

“The prophet soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come.”—*Shakespeare*.

“Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.”—*Wordsworth*.

In Memoriam, dealing as it does with the gravest problems that touch the human soul, will give more examples of the powerful or dynamic phrase than any other selection in this course. When he thinks of evolution and the possible survival in us of the characteristics of the lower animals Tennyson exclaims :

“Arise, and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

Elsewhere is this :

“What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho’ with might
*To scale the heaven’s highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death ?*”

Allusion has been frequently made to phrasal power, and the student should now after studying

Phrasal Power

the selections in this part go back through the course and select the phrases that attract his special attention. He will see as he re-reads the stories, the essays and poems of the earlier numbers that he has gained a power of nicer discrimination and a better appreciation of what is really admirable.

Classify the phrases found, remembering that after all, the basis of classification for the phrases you find is your own judgment of their value. No one can prescribe absolutely for another. Following this are additional selections for study.

“That time of year

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.”

—*Shakespeare.*

Doer Richard's Almanac

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Introductory

In 1732 Benjamin Franklin began the publication of an almanac which he issued annually for twenty-five years. He assumed it to be written by one Richard Saunders. At this time almanacs were popular and one of them was to be seen hanging by the fireplace in nearly every farmhouse. Besides the monthly calendar and the usual information concerning the heavenly bodies the almanacs contained interesting information, useful facts, and a variety of entertaining literature.

Franklin says : “ I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful ; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually nearly ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books ; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as a means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue ; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of the proverbs, it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . .

Introductory

“These proverbs, which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the continent and reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses ; two translations were made of it in French and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.”

Poor Richard's Almanac

The Preface for the Year 1757

COURTEOUS READER: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of almanacs annually now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses, and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says* at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my

Poor Richard's Almanac

authority ; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times ; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times ? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country ? How shall we ever be able to pay them ? What would you advise us to ?" Father Abraham stood up and replied : "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short ; for 'a word to the wise is enough,' and 'many words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows :

Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them ; but we have many others, and much more grievous to

Poor Richard's Almanac

some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says in his almanac of 1733.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the

Poor Richard's Almanac

most precious, "wasting of time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "lost time is never found again," and what we call "time enough ! always proves little enough." Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose ; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy," as Poor Richard says ; and "he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night ; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in Poor Richard ; who adds, "drive thy business ! let not that drive thee !" and

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times ? We may may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish," as Poor Richard says, and "he that lives on hope will die fasting." "There are no gains without pains ; then help, hands ! for I have no lands ;" or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, "he that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office

Poor Richard's Almanac

of profit and honor ;" but then the trade must be worked at and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve ; for, as Poor Richard says, "at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them."

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "diligence is the mother of good luck," as Poor Richard says, and "God gives all things to industry."

"Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,"

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow ; which makes Poor Richard say, "one to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and further, "have you somewhat to do to-morrow ? Do it to-day !"

If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle ? Are you, then, your own master ? "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle," as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for

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yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day ! “ Let not the sun look down and say, ‘Inglorious here he lies!’ ” Handle your tools without mittens ! remember that “ the cat in gloves catches no mice ! ” as Poor Richard says.

’Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed ; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects ; for “ constant dropping wears away stones ; ” and “ by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable ; ” and “ little strokes fell great oaks,” as Poor Richard says in his almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, “ Must a man afford himself no leisure ? ” I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, “ employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure ; ” and “ since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour ! ” Leisure is time for doing something useful ; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never ; so that, as poor Richard says, “ a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.” Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor ? No ! for, as poor Richard says, “ trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.” “ Many,

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without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock" [means]; whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they'll follow you;" "the diligent spinner has a large shift;" and

"Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Everybody bids me good-morrow."

All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft removed family
That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "three removes are as bad as a fire"; and again, "keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee"; and again, "if you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands"; and again, "want of care does us more damage than

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want of knowledge"; and again, "not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the almanac says, "in the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it"; but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, "learning is to the studious and riches to the careful"; as well as "power to the bold" and "heaven to the virtuous." And further, "if you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself."

And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes "a little neglect may breed great mischief"; adding, "for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost"; being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail!

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. "A man may," if he knows not how to save as he goes "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone

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and die not worth a groat at last." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," as Poor Richard says ; and

" Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea¹ forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

If you would be wealthy, says he in another almanac, "think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families ; for, as poor Dick says

" Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great."

And further, "what maintains one vice would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter ; but remember what Poor Richard

1. Tea at this time was expensive and regarded a luxury.

Poor Richard's Almanac

says, “many a little makes a mickle” ; and further, “beware of little expenses ; a small leak will sink a great ship” ; and again

“ Who dainties love shall beggars prove” ; and moreover, “fools make feasts and wise men eat them.”

Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods ; but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost ; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says : “ Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.” And again, “at a great pennyworth pause awhile.” He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real ; or the bargain by straitening thee in thy business may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, “many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.”

Again, Poor Richard says, “’tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance” ; and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding the almanac.

Poor Richard's Almanac

“Wise men,” as Poor Richard says, “learn by others’ harm; fools scarcely by their own”; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*.² Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved his family. “Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets,” as Poor Richard says, “put out the kitchen fire.” These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, “for one poor person there are a hundred indigent.”

By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that “a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,” as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, “’tis day and will never be night”; that “a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding” (a child and

2. He’s a lucky fellow who is made prudent by other men’s perils.

Poor Richard's Almanac

a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent); but “always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.” Then, as Poor Dick says, “when the well’s dry they know the worth of water.” But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. “If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some”; for “he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing”, and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.

Poor Dick further advises and says :

“Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse ;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.”

And again, “pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy.” When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece ; but Poor Dick says, “ ’tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.” And ’tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

“Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.”

Poor Richard's Almanac

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished ; for
“pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt”,
as Poor Richard says. And in another place,
“pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with
poverty, and supped with infamy.”

And after all, of what use is this pride of
appearance, for which so much is risked, so
much is suffered ? It cannot promote health
or ease pain ; it makes no increase of merit in
the person ; it creates envy ; it hastens mis-
fortune.

“What is a butterfly ? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest,
The gaudy fop's his picture just,”

as Poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to run into
debt for these superfluities ! We are offered
by the terms of this vendue six months' credit ;
and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to
attend it, because we cannot spare the ready
money and hope now to be fine without it.
But ah ! think what you do when you run in
debt : you give to another power over your
liberty. If you cannot pay at the time you
will be ashamed to see your creditor ; you will
be in fear when you speak to him ; you will
make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by

Poor Richard's Almanac

degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base, downright lying ; for, as Poor Richard says, “the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt” ; and again, to the same purpose, “lying rides upon debt’s back” ; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. “’Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright !” as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince or the government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude ? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical ? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress ! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail for life or to sell you for a servant if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may, perhaps, think little of payment ; but “creditors,” Poor Richard tells us, “have better memories than debtors” ; and in another place

Poor Richard's Almanac

says, "creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it ; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent," saith Poor Richard, "who owe money to be paid at Easter." Then since, as he says, "the borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to the creditor," disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency. Be industrious and free ; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury ; but

"For age and want, save while you may ;
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

As Poor Richard says, gain may be temporary and uncertain ; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain ; and "'tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says ; so, "rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

Poor Richard's Almanac

“Get what you can, and what you get hold ;
’Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into
gold,”³

as Poor Richard says ; and when you have got the philosopher’s stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom ; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven ; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

And now, to conclude, “experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that” ; for it is true, “we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,” as Poor Richard says. However, remember this : “they that won’t be counseled can’t be helped,” as Poor Richard says ; and further, that “if you will not hear reason she’ll surely rap your knuckles.”

3. The philosopher’s stone, so called ; a mineral having the power of turning base metals into gold.

Door Richard's Almanac

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else ; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7th, 1757.



Westminster Abbey

WASHINGTON IRVING

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When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte,
Living in brasse or stony monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte ;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenseless majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination ?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon,
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
 Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
 And death the thaw of all our vanitie.

Christolero's Epigrams, by T. B. 1598.

On one of these sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile ; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

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I entered from the inner court of Westminster school, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving slowly along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a specter from one of the neighboring tombs.

The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloister still retains something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damp, and crumbling with age ; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches ; the roses which adorn the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty ; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters ;

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beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud ; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eyes were attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots ; the epitaphs were entirely effaced ; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times ; (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished ; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint

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records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon the gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man, wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handy-work. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchers, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place

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presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together, and jostled in the dust ; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook — a gloomy corner — a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy : and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple ; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for a sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories ; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that

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the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions ; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure ; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself ; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown ; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory ; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll

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towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchers of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies ; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion ; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together ; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle ; prelates, with cro-siers and miters ; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm ; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast ; the face was almost covered by the morion ; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader ;

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of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction—between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found ; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fictions, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which has spread over the wars for the Sepulcher of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by ; of beings passed from recollection ; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern

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monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly : and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that “all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous.”

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner, stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art ; but which, to me, appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit ; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph, bursting from the distended jaws of the specter. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors around

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the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear: the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulcher.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent

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arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchers.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulcher of its founder, —

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his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence : this strange mixture of tombs and trophies ; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty, but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land ; glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array ; alive with the tread of many feet, and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away ; the silence of death had settled again upon the place ; interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scat-

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tered far and wide about the world ; some tossing upon distant seas ; some under arms in distant lands ; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets ; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty Elizabeth ; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which

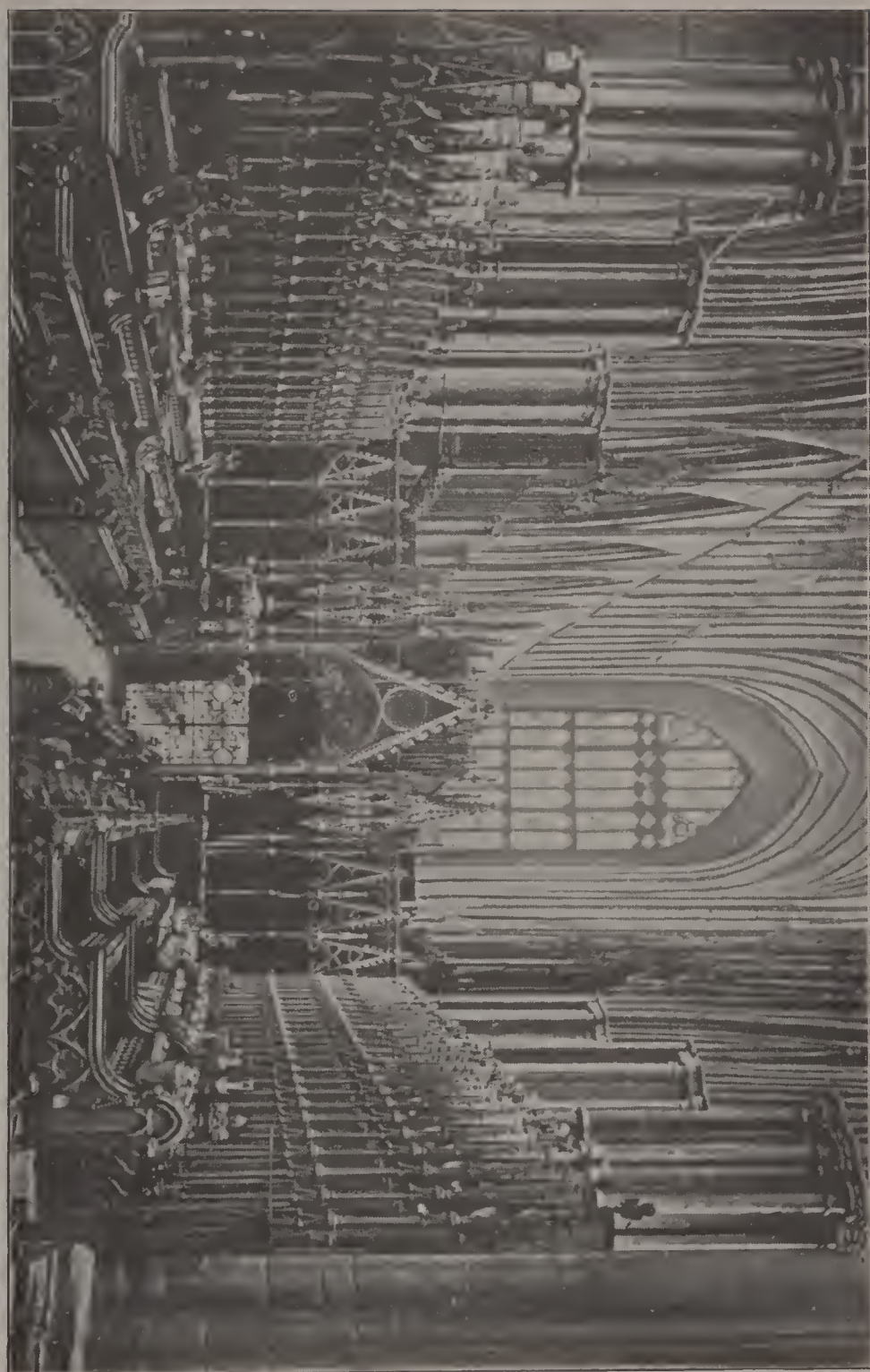
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is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place :

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel — nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building ! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death,



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and make the silent sepulcher vocal ! — And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. — And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody ; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences ! What solemn sweeping concords ! It grows more and more dense and powerful — it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls — the ear is stunned — the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee — it is rising from the earth to heaven — the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony !

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire : the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me ; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom ; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I arose, and prepared to leave the abbey.

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As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchers of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie mouldering in "their beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulcher. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive? how soon that crown which encircles its brow

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must pass away ; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things ; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments ; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered ; some mutilated ; some covered with ribaldry and insult — all more or less outraged and dishonored.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me ; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows ; the marble figures of the

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monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light ; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave ; and even the distant footfall of the verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchers but a treasury of humiliation ; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion ? It is, indeed, the empire of Death ; his great shadowy palace ; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name ! Time is ever silently turning over his pages ; we are

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too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that give interest to the past ; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection ; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. “Our fathers,” says Sir Thomas Brown, “find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.” History fades into fable ; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy ; the inscription moulders from the tablet ; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand — and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust ? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment ? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. “The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth ; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.”¹

What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of

1, Sir Thomas Brown.

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mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the winds shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower — when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hand its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name passes from recollection; his history is a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

Musical Power

Musical Power

Vigor and excellence of description are largely dependent upon phrasal power but another vital element in description is the musical quality of the words and phrases that are used. Earlier in the course, a study was made of the framework of poetry and the student learned the principal facts of versification. The division by regularly recurring accents of verses into feet was noticed and the names of the most important meters were mastered. It was seen how much beauty was added to the poem by the regularity of its structure. Rhymes of various kinds were another element that appealed to the ear and gave so pleasing an effect to the lines that their significance became clearer. The duplication of similar consonant sounds at the beginning of words in the same line constituted alliteration and a succession of similar vowels, called assonance, was a fourth quality that gave pleasure to the ear. But were the meter, aided even as it is by rhyme, alliteration, and assonance, the only musical qualities possessed by verse it would become dull and monotonous indeed.

Meter forms a basis or foundation upon which is built a rhythmical structure that is difficult to analyze and the laws of which are impossible to determine but which is really the richest quality

Musical Power

in the composite melody. It is a difficult matter to describe this rhythm, as it may be called in distinction from meter, which consists of nothing but the regular accentuation of certain syllables.

Perhaps it may be understood by recurring to the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. The meter is iambic pentameter and the first four lines would be scanned as follows:

“Thou still | unrav | ished bride | of qui | etness!
Thou fos | ter-child | of Si | lence and | slow
Time,
Sylvan | histo | rian who | canst thus | express
A flow | ery tale | more sweet | ly than | our
rhyme : ”

The first line is perfectly regular except that in speech the word *quietness* does not have on the last syllable the accent required for perfect meter. The next line is perfect except for the accent required by *and* which, as a conjunction, should in reading have no emphasis. But the third line is far from following the metrical plan. *Sylvan*, the first word, is a trochaic foot as the accent falls on the first syllable. The next foot is an iambus but in order that the third foot be iambic the last two syllables of *historian* must be pronounced as one, *ryan*, and *who* must be accented. In the fourth verse the second foot is made iambic by the elision of *e* so that the first two feet read *A flow' | 'ry tale'*. In the same line also the word *than* is not important

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enough to justify an emphasis. From this it is evident that a rigid adherence to metrical rules would entirely destroy the music of these four beautiful verses.

The rise and fall of the skilled reader's voice and his management of pauses as he reads would bring to the ear the flowing cadences of the lines. The units of speech are recognized to be these:

Thou still | unravished bride | of quietness !
Thou foster-child | of Silence | and slow Time,
Sylvan historian | who canst thus | express
A flowery tale | more sweetly | than our rhyme.

In each line there are one or two rhetorical pauses that coincide with the feet but most of them are wholly independent. The cadence which is the soul of rhythm is a lowering or falling of the voice quite different from the stress which marks an accent. In the third line the voice rises through *Sylvan historian*, is held in suspense for a fraction of a second ; it moves along through the line with a slight pause after *thus*, and then passes lightly over the word *tale*, where there is a decided cadence not repeated till the word *rhyme* is uttered, though a slight cadence is noted with the word *sweetly*. This complicated system of inflections is the real rhythm of the verses and the distinctive feature of musical poetry.

When the cadences correspond with the met-

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rical divisions a very artificial style results and one is sensible of the disagreeable monotony that characterizes the poet who works by rule.

“ A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be ! ”

These two lines from Pope show how mechanical and lifeless perfectly metrical poetry can be if it lacks the beauty of an overlying rhythm.

This musical characteristic of verse is hard to define and difficult to explain and often it seems to defy analysis, for besides the cadences which are easily recognized there appear successive melodious combinations and sequences of sound that the words themselves have furnished and that seem to have been put into place by a skill little less than magical. It is a skill that is peculiar to the person, a trait of his own originality, one that can never be successfully imitated by another.

If the rhythm transcends the meter and overpowers it entirely, prose instead of poetry is the result. Prose may be rhythmical and musical and whenever the emotion of the speaker or writer increases, his utterance will become more musical and rhythmical. The peroration of Webster's *Reply to Hayne* which was studied in an earlier number furnishes an excellent example of most musical prose. The lines have a rhythm so pronounced as to equal that of poetry, though being freed from all trammels of perfect regularity it is

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in no sense metrical. Frequently there are in prose a few successive words that might be scanned and found to approximate the regularity of poetry but this is a weakness unless some particular purpose is subserved by it. In *The Cricket on the Hearth* are passages of metrical form and in at least one instance rhymes appear at regular intervals. Can you find the passage? Do you think it is in good taste in this particular instance?

Now take the last five verses of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and after scanning the lines see how completely, in one line at least, the metrical plan was violated. In reading aloud these five lines, are you satisfied that the meter should be made so subservient? Are the lines musical in spite of the broken meter? Is the return to the regular meter in the last line agreeable to the ear? Do you think Keats was too daring in his abandonment of the regularity of his iambics? Take the other poems of this number and find other passages of rhythmical power in which the meter is varied from the regular scheme. Find examples of rhythmical prose such as this which is quoted from *The Widow and her Son* :

“But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life is at best but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her

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years ;— these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.”

That this passage is rhythmical as it stands you can readily ascertain by transposing the phrases into different order so that the cadences are differently arranged and the sounds follow in changed succession. That a portion of music rests in the words themselves you can determine by substituting synonyms for many words in the passage. When these changes are effected you will perceive by contrast some of Irving’s musical power.

Turn to Lamb’s *Dream Children* among the Essays and note the beautiful rhythmical passage with which he closes. Can you change the position of a single word, can you substitute a single synonym without marring the charming flow of the cadences, the delicate perfection of the music ?

The psalms of scripture are musical because of their rhythmical structure and the peculiarly sonorous words in which they are couched. In translation they have lost but little and the reader still delights in their solemn regularity. The wealth of imagery adds to their charm but the grand march of their melodious phrases is one of the chief sources of their power. In the *Ninety-first Psalm* a simple metrical scheme shows itself, so regular is the rhythm, but it is not subject to the rules that govern English poetry. This psalm should be read aloud till the elements of its musical power are all understood.

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The student should read aloud many of the numerous poems of the course, and decide which are to him the most agreeable to the ear, the most musical. These he should study till he determines the secret of their power. Which musical element predominates? Which is relegated to the background? Then he should select all the specimens from one author and read them together, trying to determine the personal peculiarities of that author. Then he should compare one author with another to see how differently two writers will achieve the same result. Of the poets, who has best mastered the secrets of agreeable and harmonious meter? Whose rhymes are the most pleasing? Who uses alliteration the most artfully? Who has the deftest use of assonance? Who has given the most musical rhythm? Who has chosen the most musical and harmonious words? In prose who writes the most rhythmically? Does the rhythm become tedious in any case? Can you learn to distinguish the writings of one author from those of another because of their musical peculiarities? Do you find many examples of rhythmical prose in plain description?

Of the literary powers so far mentioned which is of prime importance and universal in perfect composition? Will musical power lend strength to phrasal power? Why? Is phrasal power essential to great descriptive power? Why?

Three Psalms

Are these psalms marked by unity? What is the prime motive of each? Can you find powerful descriptive passages in them? What felicitous phrases can you find? What powerful phrases? What passages of superior musical power? Is the chief characteristic of each its beauty, its musical quality, or the solemn grandeur of its thought?

PSALM 91

1. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust.

3. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in

The Ninety-first Psalm

darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation,

10. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder ; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him ; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honor him.

16. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

The One Hundred Third Psalm

PSALM 103

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ;

3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ;

4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies ;

5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7. He made known his way unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9. He will not always chide ; neither will he keep his anger forever.

10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

The One Hundred Third Psalm

12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.

15. As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children ;

18. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens ; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts ; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his domain ; bless the Lord, O my soul.

The Twenty-third Psalm

PSALM 23

1. The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Vale of Avoca

THOMAS MOORE

There is not in this wide world a valley so
sweet

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ;

O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, —
O, no ! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,

Who made every scene of enchantment more
dear,

And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve,

When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best ;

Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace.

Twickenham Ferry

THEOPHILE MARZIALS

“Ahoy ! and Oho ! and it’s who’s for the
ferry ?”

(The brier’s in bud and the sun going
down ;)

— “And I’ll row ye so quick and I’ll row ye so
steady,
And ’tis but a penny to Twickenham
Town.”

The ferryman’s slim and the ferryman’s
young,

With just a soft tang in the turn of his
tongue ;

And he’s fresh as a pippin and brown as a
berry,

And ’tis but a penny to Twickenham
Town.

“Ahoy ! and Oho ! and it’s I’m for the ferry ;”
(The brier’s in bud and the sun going
down ;)

“And it’s late as it is, and I haven’t a penny :
Oh, how can I get me to Twickenham
Town ?”



Twickenham Ferry

She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she
looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the
wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like
a cherry
“And sure but you're welcome to Twicken-
ham Town.”

“Ahoy! and Oho!—” You're too late for the
ferry;
(The brier's in bud and the sun has gone
down;)

And he's not rowing quick and he's not
rowing steady,—

It seems quite a journey to Twickenham
Town.

“Ahoy! and Oho!” you may call as you
will:

The young moon is rising o'er Petersham
Hill;

And with Love like a rose in the stern of
the wherry,

There's danger in crossing to Twickenham
Town.

To Sleep

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure
sky :

I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :
So do not let me wear to-night away :

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come, blesséd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health !

Power of Drawing Character

Power of Drawing Character

In Part One of this course much space was given to character-studies from fiction both in prose and poetry. In the study of *Macbeth* the subject was treated at still greater length. In both cases it was urged that the student should work until he mastered the portrayal the author gave. So many persons read with little appreciation that it has been felt that too much space could not be given to this phase of the course. If the student has been faithful in his work he cannot help seeing how great a power is this by which an author can create for us a living personality, as real as our recollection of the friends we have known in former days. Are not Ernest, Sir Roger de Coverley, Enoch Arden, Lady Macbeth and her guilty husband, John Peerybingle and Caleb Plummer real persons? Do you know any one in the absolute purity and sincerity of whose conduct you have the confidence you feel in Ernest? Have you ever been the witness of a self-sacrificing act that moved you so strongly as did Enoch's renunciation of his wife? If you saw such an act would it strike you as deeply as Tennyson did with his sympathetic description? Have you ever had such an opportunity to study the destruction of character that comes with

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wrong doing as Shakespeare has given you in Macbeth? Can you in actual life be with a person in a great moral crisis as you sat out the night with John Peerybingle?

Unity is essential to all good prose and poetry and the power to give it is the fundamental power that every author must have. But no power is so great as the power of drawing characters, of giving to the creations of fancy that verity that makes them individual and real. In the novel and the drama this power is seen at its highest and yet it is not every novelist that can boast the ability to create original characters. If you reflect on the fiction you have read you will realize how many of its characters have been vague and elusive, how often they left no impression as distinct personalities and how they faded from your recollection almost as soon as the covers closed over the last pages of the book. Then again, a few words, a brief appearance before you and your acquaintance has been enlarged, you have added a friend to your list or have learned to detest an ignoble character. Shakespeare creates a Hamlet, George Eliot a Tito Melema: Hamlet becomes a life-long subject for your sympathy, Tito stands the eternal type of decaying character.

Thus to create is certainly the noblest of literary powers, for the writer by the one act stirs your emotions, stimulates your thought, inspires you to realize higher ideals. To aid himself in doing

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this he summons all his other powers and puts them into active service.

In order that he may successfully draw character he must know it. He must know it in general and in detail. Does he wish to draw an Ernest? He must know the type as a possibility, he must conceive a man of that type, and then must make that man Ernest, distinct from every other man of the type ; must give him stature, features, manners, habits all in harmony ; must know how Ernest would think and act under all circumstances. He must not allow the melancholy weakness of a Hamlet to creep into the personality nor can he conceive him to be tempted by the spirits that lead a Macbeth to ruin. Distinct, consistent, genuine, the character must stand. To accomplish this the persons must be very real to the author. He must see his characters one by one before him and must enter into their lives in a fuller sense than it is possible for us to interpret our nearest relatives, our most intimate friends. No one can doubt that Tennyson felt the grief of Enoch Arden or that Dickens rejoiced in the victory of the Old Carrier.

In his preface to *David Copperfield*, Dickens tells in the following manner what were his relations to his characters during the long period in which he was creating them.

“It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the

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close of a two-years' imaginative task ; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet I had nothing else to tell ; unless, indeed, I were to confess (which might be of less moment still) that no one can ever believe this narrative, in the reading, more than I believed it in the writing.

“ So true are these avowals at the present day, that I can now only take the reader into one confidence more. Of all my books, I like this best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD.”

If these people of the imagination are so real, then, doubtless, the created often sways the creator and an author finds his characters acting as he did not at first expect they would and developing tendencies that he did not at first realize, but which are inevitable under the changing conditions.

Having conceived his characters the author must portray them in such a way that they will attract the reader's attention, will absorb his interest and finally will make such vivid impressions that they cannot be effaced. To do this he has nothing at his command but words. How he

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accomplishes the feat he may not be able to tell. By what magical handling of picturesque phrases or by what artful grouping of melodious words he attracts our attention we cannot say, for frequently the language of his description and the conversation of his characters are both plain and simple. But reach our minds and hearts he does, and usually by some impalpable, sympathetic relation rather than by close and studied analysis and clear and definite exposition. He causes us to leap to our conception of his creation by the same magic that gave him his first idea. Not infrequently of recent years, characters are displayed with an intellectual keenness of analysis that surprises us, and their trials and even the inner workings of their minds are set forth with a cold realism that impresses us strongly but leaves with us no abiding conception of the reality of the being so dissected. We cannot make a friend of a cadaver.

The method which we most approve may be too greatly exaggerated and an author may see only peculiar and striking traits so that he produces caricatures instead of real characters. Tackleton is a caricature, for Dickens has given us but one or two of his salient characteristics and has repeated them until the man stands for the one thing, though in this particular instance Tackleton reveals an unexpected something at the very last. Is it reasonable that such a man as Tack-

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leton should at his age so suddenly metamorphose himself? Or, has Dickens been careless in his interpretations and sacrificed probability to give a pleasant conclusion to the tale? Tilly Slow-boy, the Baby's erratic nurse, is an amusing instance of a habit Dickens has of embodying in the name of a person one of the salient traits of his character.

In Irving's sketch, *The Widow*, he portrays a type, not a person. No distinct impression of the particular English widow remains with the reader. He is sensible of the pathos of the picture, sympathizes with an aged, poor, and afflicted person whose deep religious character he feels, but the mother of George Somers is but one of many widows, all poor, suffering, and pious. Such a description of a type though common enough with many writers of pretentious fiction is not real character-drawing. It is not difficult to recognize types and to describe them but to draw a living person of that type is a work of genius.

The power to apprehend characters even when well drawn varies greatly and it often happens that the individuality of the reader makes him peculiarly susceptible to certain types. So true is this that one hesitates to say what shall be the rules of interpretation. But if each reader will give play to his own feelings and note what he admires, his judgment will be accurate so far as he is concerned. His appreciation of certain

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characters will vary from year to year, as Little Red Riding-hood gives way to Evangeline. He should be independent in his judgments and belief, for every one reads for himself and to-day may gain help and inspiration from what is to-morrow cold and dead.

The student should go back over the numbers of this course and, making a list of the character portrayals, should determine which are the most powerfully drawn, which the clearest, which the most natural and lifelike, which the most helpful and inspiring. Then let him compare the women of the different authors, the men, the children. On the whole which author possesses in the highest degree the power of drawing character? Does any writer bring into his narrative characters that seem to have no special function in the story and who are meant to be forgotten? Compare as a review all the detailed studies into character that have been made in the course and estimate the relative use of action, description, and conversation in the creation of those characters. When the study of this power of these authors has been completed the student should write an essay in which he discusses in a logical manner the results of his reading.

Emotional Power

Emotional Power

Much of *The Bible* is the highest, truest literature. It is universal in its application, it has stood the test of time and has proved its power to inspire and refine mankind, no matter what the rank or condition. Take for example the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians :

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ;

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6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ;

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8. Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11. When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man I put away childish things.

12. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

Barring for the present all thoughts of divine inspiration, let us look at this as though it had been written by some man of to-day. Charity means love, love in its broad sense, love universal.

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Was the man who wrote the chapter sincere? Was he in earnest? Were his emotions profoundly stirred by contemplation of this human trait? Did he really believe that though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels and had not love in his soul his words were like the sounding of brazen instruments and the tinkling of cymbals? Could a man insincere, a man whose soul was not instinct with admiration for charity, describe it so thrillingly as this:

“Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

The man who could so write must be of refined and delicate sensibilities, deeply moved by moral perfection and himself anxious to achieve it. In no other way could he write so as to move us as these lines do. It is this emotional intensity that gives vitality to so much of the Bible. In some of the psalms, the *Twenty-third* for instance, the singer is moved out of his own being and sings as one inspired.

Shakespeare also felt with similar intensity when he wrote, and those powerful phrases to which attention was called before, sprang into being when

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his own soul was stirred by his ethical emotions. In *Lycidas*, the student will remember, Milton wrote calmly of the death of King, seeming to feel but little sense of personal loss. His lines were beautiful but they seemed cold and to us a trifle unfeeling. But when he thought of the church in which King might have been a noble leader and remembered the hideous laxity of

“such as for their bellies’ sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold”

and “shove away the worthy bidden guest,” his fiery indignation was aroused and that passage burns with an intensity that casts into deep shade the rest of his elegy. Again, in *In Memoriam*, Tennyson is moved by personal grief. His heart mourns the loss of his dearest friend and sadness seems to overpower him, but frequently the very intensity of his sorrow rouses deeper emotions, and we see that the man is keenly alive with admiration for moral excellence and is swayed by a deep feeling that takes hold upon the most profound problems of human existence. We have no doubt of his sincerity, we know that he was intensely in earnest as he strove with these great abstract questions.

Shelley had no real intimate acquaintance with Keats, but Keats embodied for him the poetic principle, and the criticism that Shelley believed had hastened the end of the frail genius was the

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personification of injustice. So, when injustice assailed poetry he was moved to write *Adonais* and the wealth of praise for Keats and the bitterness of the scorn he heaped upon the reviewers leave no room to doubt the perfect sincerity of his feelings.

In all these cases it is the emotional intensity of the poet's mind, combined with the literary aptitude manifesting itself in the other powers recently discussed, that has made his work capable of arousing similar emotions in us. Had he ever lacked in true feeling himself we might have been conscious of the mechanical perfection of his lines but would have felt no responsive thrill.

Recur now to these poems, to *Lycidas*, *In Memoriam*, and *Adonais* and read them to see which passages mark the highest flow of feeling in the author, which most deeply touch the heart. Compare these selections from the three authors and see if there is any similarity in the causes that incited the emotions.

Consider again the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. Was the emotion which caused Keats to write this poem bred by strong moral conviction? Do you feel that he is thrilled by a love for mankind, by indignation against a wrongdoer, by devotion to a noble cause? He speaks of truth and beauty, but which is with him the moving cause of the poem? Was not his esthetic sense aroused by

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the graceful outlines of the urn and the quaint pictures on its rounded sides? Did not the pipes suggest to him beautiful melodies that lulled his spirit to rest? And was it not, then, his admiration for the *beautiful* that made him see it as the *true*?

You remember Wordsworth's *Daffodils*. There again it was the golden beauty of the myriad flowers that caught the poet's fancy and impelled him to write. When the thought recurred to him in his solitude it was his esthetic sense that was charmed and there was in the vision no suggestion of high moral import. Wordsworth's senses were keenly alive to the beauties in nature and to them his emotions responded. In Burns, you saw the sympathetic soul touched by the suffering of the wee mouse whose rough little house he destroyed, and by the useless sacrifice of the dainty daisy that met him in that evil hour. Sensitive to every thing about him, the pathos of misfortune always moved him to write but rarely caused him to act as he felt. He could leave his family in abject suffering while weeping over the fancied misfortune of some one else, yet the reality of his emotions, shallow though they were, made his lyrics immortal. Bryant's sensibilities were as keenly alive to beauty in nature as were Wordsworth's but the religious convictions of the former were deeper and the wandering waterfowl brought to him loving trust in the kindly guidance of that

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Power that could direct through the desert and illimitable air the flight of that lone bird.

It is the depth and genuineness of the emotions of the writers that give them the power to make their imaginary characters so real, but in general prose writing does not offer the best opportunity for the expression of either ethical or esthetic feeling. In Webster's *Reply to Hayne* you remember that the first part of the oration is devoted to his personal response to the charges and insinuations of his opponent but in that section he does not seem to be deeply moved. His intellect is keenly alive and he demolishes the fabric of Hayne's eloquence with a precision and certainty of rejoinder that leave us no doubt that he knew himself superior and felt no fear of the result. It is not until he pleads for the Union that his genuine feeling finds vent in phrases so strong and eloquent that they imbed themselves in our memory forever. It was the emotional intensity, the strong conviction in the absolute truth of his utterances that made Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech* immortal. A man may be eloquent and the master of polished diction and of graceful delivery but if his soul is not in his words, if he is not absolutely true to his convictions, if he speaks because he can and not because he must, the hollowness of his utterance is easily detected.

Johnson says, "The truly divine emotion is love, and with it come all the others: reverence,

Emotional Power

pity, indignation, unselfishness, enthusiasm for humanity, long-suffering."

Strong emotions and deep convictions alone will not make a writer nor a speaker. The other literary powers must be combined in the person before his work can take rank with the best. Such a union of parts in one individual is of necessity rare and the union is in such varying proportions that the range of individuality is infinite. Any given age can produce but few masters and no two will be alike. One writer throws his influence over another but the copyist fails. Unless a man writes from the power within him and shapes his work by the dictation of his own soul no possibility of success can be his. And no man can do his best literary work on order or for pay. Once done, his work may be in demand and may command good pay but to write deliberately for dollars, to sell one's time and genius, is to waste the one and destroy the other. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote charming verse and could produce quantities of happy jingling lines on almost any occasion but no one considers these poems of occasion to be great literature. The magazines are full of clever articles on every imaginable subject and the book stalls are filled with books that sell because they are correctly written and are entertaining but it is rarely indeed that a *Recessional* appears in a magazine or a new *Romola* graces the counters at a bookstore.

Emotional Power

A good student of literature must possess to a certain degree the emotional intensity that characterizes the author. He must be alive to the beauties of the composition and must be sensitive to nobility and truth wherever found. The genuine reader is not afraid to give his imagination play and to allow his emotions to be stirred. There is no disgrace in feeling what one reads, and it is only by believing in the reality of literature and receiving gratefully the inspiration it offers that one can hope to find profit in his study. This whole number of the course is prepared with the view of showing how real, how great and how difficult of attainment are the qualities which make the immortal author, because it is hoped that in so doing the student will be shown how worthy of study great literature is and how much he must look for if he expects to gain all that the study can give him.

The Petrified Fern

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender ;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man ere trod that way ;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees ;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way.
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one day put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty
motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,

The Petrified Fern

Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—
Covered it, and hid it safe away.

O, the long, long centuries since that day!
O, the changes! O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep,
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

Over the River

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST

Over the river, they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
side ;
The gleams of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the darkling tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see :
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be :

Over the River

Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale :
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning
hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea :
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar :
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land ;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

Indirection

RICHARD REALF

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their
subtle suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret
that clasps it is rarer ;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain
that precedes it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ, but the mean-
ing outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guid-
eth the growing ;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scep-
ters the flowing ;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger
than he did enfold him ;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mighty seer
hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter
is hinted and hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the
sculptor is bidden ;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite
issues of feeling ;

Indirection

Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that
crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which
is symbolized is greater ;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the
inward creator ;

Back of the sound broods the silence, back of
the gift stands the giving ;

Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensi-
tive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is out-
done by the doing ;

The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer
the heart of the wooing ;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and
up from the heights where those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and
the essence of life is divine.

Studies

Now select a dozen passages that show great emotional power. Classify them as being inspired by love of the good and the true or as coming from an admiration of the beautiful. They are the things you have felt, that have moved you out of the beaten path of your own thought, that have excited your sensibilities, have aroused your sympathy or indignation. When you have selected them and placed them together study them with painstaking care and see what of the other literary powers you can detect in them. Can you see that the other literary powers aid in expression merely while this is the fundamental cause of the writing?

Select other passages for comparison and see wherein the powerful differ from the weak. Get a few papers and magazines and study their verses and stories. Do they lack in any powers? Can you find instances where the writer is evidently strongly moved but, by a weakness of the other powers, fails to move you? Some obituary poetry is ridiculous though the writer is undoubtedly as sincere in his grief as was Tennyson over the death of Arthur Hallam. Can you find pieces that have unity but lack descriptive power? Can you find felicitous phrases where there is a lack

Studies

of unity, or verses that lack rhythm or music? Can you not see from this study how great real literature is and how worse than wasted is the time spent upon that which is not great?

We have now considered the six great literary powers, the real elements of beauty and strength in an author's work. They are:

I. UNITY, the power that gives coherence and a sense of integrity and oneness to every production.

II. DESCRIPTIVE OR PICTORIAL POWER, by which we are brought to see clearly and vividly the pictures that abound in a writer's mind.

III. PHRASAL POWER, in the exercise of which the author catches our fancy and impresses his ideas by dexterous, felicitous, or powerful combinations of words.

IV. MUSICAL POWER, which charms our ears with melodious words and rhythmical arrangement.

V. POWER OF DRAWING CHARACTER, whose exercise gives to the airy creations of the imagination a personality and a reality as distinct and perfect as though we knew the characters living in the world.

VI. EMOTIONAL POWER, that makes the writer's productions seem strong and true; that arouses in us the same feelings that actuate the man who pens the lines.

Studies

In our reading let our senses be alert to recognize evidences of the exercise of these powers and if they seem to be lacking in any considerable degree let us decide that the matter is not literature worthy our perusal. When we find any of these powers present to a marked degree let us decide that in so far as he excels in any, an author is worthy of esteem, and if perchance they all characterize his work we shall know that we are reading the work of a master.

**Character and Personality of the
Author**

The Character and Personality of the Author

What kind of a man was Dickens? What were some of the traits of his real character? The question often forces itself upon us as we are reading and finally we learn to recognize certain characteristics that are essentially Dickens. *The Cricket on the Hearth* is not sufficient for us to form a very comprehensive idea of the man but it will certainly throw some side-lights on his character. We are no longer concerned as we have been through the earlier pages of this book with the manner of his presentation nor with the evidence he gives of possessing the literary powers. What we want now is to see the man through his work, the personality that lies back of the written words. We must expect no overt declaration of his faith, opinion, or belief to show us what we wish to know, for our experience in life has taught us that a man may profess much and may act in ways opposed to both profession and belief. In forming our estimate we may safely disregard what he says of himself, nor is it wise for us to rely upon what is said by the characters he draws. Tackleton is selfish, gruff, and brutal in his instincts and his conversation shows it. He would "Scrunch the Cricket." But we have

Character of the Author

no right to infer that Dickens was like him or that he approved of such men even though he never actually criticises Tackleton: But from the outcome of the story, the disappointment of the selfish toy-merchant and his retirement into partial obscurity and disgrace, we may infer that Dickens disapproved of him and if we find that similar characters in all of Dickens's stories meet with a like punishment we may safely decide that Dickens believed in generosity and sympathy.

The Cricket is to Dickens the spirit of Home, the incarnation of love and happiness. In one place he says, "That Genius of his Hearth and Home (for such the Cricket was) came out in fairy shape, into the room, and summoned many forms of Home about him. . . . The Carrier's heart grew light and happy and he thanked his Household Gods with all his might and cared no more for Gruff and Tackleton." The Cricket chirped as John reversed his gun to beat the stock upon the door; through the long night the Cricket stood beside him in fairy shape, and in the morning the "staunch Cricket on the Hearth, the loyal Household Fairies" enabled the Carrier to say, "I sat upon that hearth, last night, all night. On the spot where she has often sat beside me with her sweet face looking into mine. . . . And upon my soul she is innocent if there is one to judge the innocent and the guilty." When the blind girl had learned all the generous decep-

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tion her father had practiced and felt so helpless and alone, "she had been but a short time in this passion of regret when the Cricket on the Hearth, unheard by all but her, began to chirp. Not merrily, but in a low, faint, sorrowing way. It was so mournful that her tears began to flow; and when the Presence which had been beside the Carrier all night appeared behind her, pointing to her father they fell down like rain. She heard the Cricket-voice more plainly soon and was conscious through her blindness of the Presence hovering about her father."

After May had deserted him, Tackleton says, "Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-night. I have not so much as a Cricket on my Hearth. I have scared them all away." In the rollicking dance that follows the wedding, "Hark! how the Cricket joins the music with its Chirp, Chirp, Chirp!" And finally when the story is done and Dot and all the rest have vanished into air leaving Dickens alone, "A Cricket sings upon the Hearth." Frequently by actual statement and by delicate allusions not noted here Dickens keeps the Cricket in the foreground and makes its helpful influence felt everywhere.

What are we at liberty to infer from this? That a cricket on the hearth brings peace and loving kindness to a home? That there are household fairies and that they actually appear to

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human beings? That a real Presence may stand beside a man and plead for mercy and forgiveness? That a home may be desolate because no Cricket sings upon the hearth? Not at all. The introduction of the Cricket is but a part of Dickens's art, a scheme by which he enlists our sympathies and touches our feelings. What we may see, is that Dickens is a man who believes in domestic happiness, in the purity of woman, and the love of parents for each other and for their children. He is no doubter without faith in humanity, no cynic who thinks the home but a matter of convenience, no pessimist who believes that all is wrong with the world.

What does Franklin show of himself in the *Almanac*? What traits of character does Burns exhibit in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*? What can you believe of Irving from *The Widow and Her Son*? Before you attempt to answer the three preceding questions, read the selections mentioned, then write your opinions on each and to prove their accuracy, buttress your statements with quotations.

You now perceive how it is that an author manifests his personality, how his character shines through his writings. But you have seen that this is true in varying degrees, some writers concealing their feelings and masking behind their words, and others throwing their sacred souls open to our inspection.

Character of the Author

In Memoriam tells not only what Tennyson meant us to know but also what he thought, what he was. Taken together these manifestations of his personal character give us what has been called the "writer's philosophy." Not his scheme of thinking, not his plan for the universe and its workings, but his idea of the world as it should be, tinged by the world as it is. This philosophy which it is quite possible he never recognized as his own nor meant to present to us as his, has come to him from his inborn peculiarities modified by his education and the experiences through which he has passed. The influences which have molded his character have shaped his philosophy and what he is has expressed itself quite beyond his own will in the words he has written for another purpose.

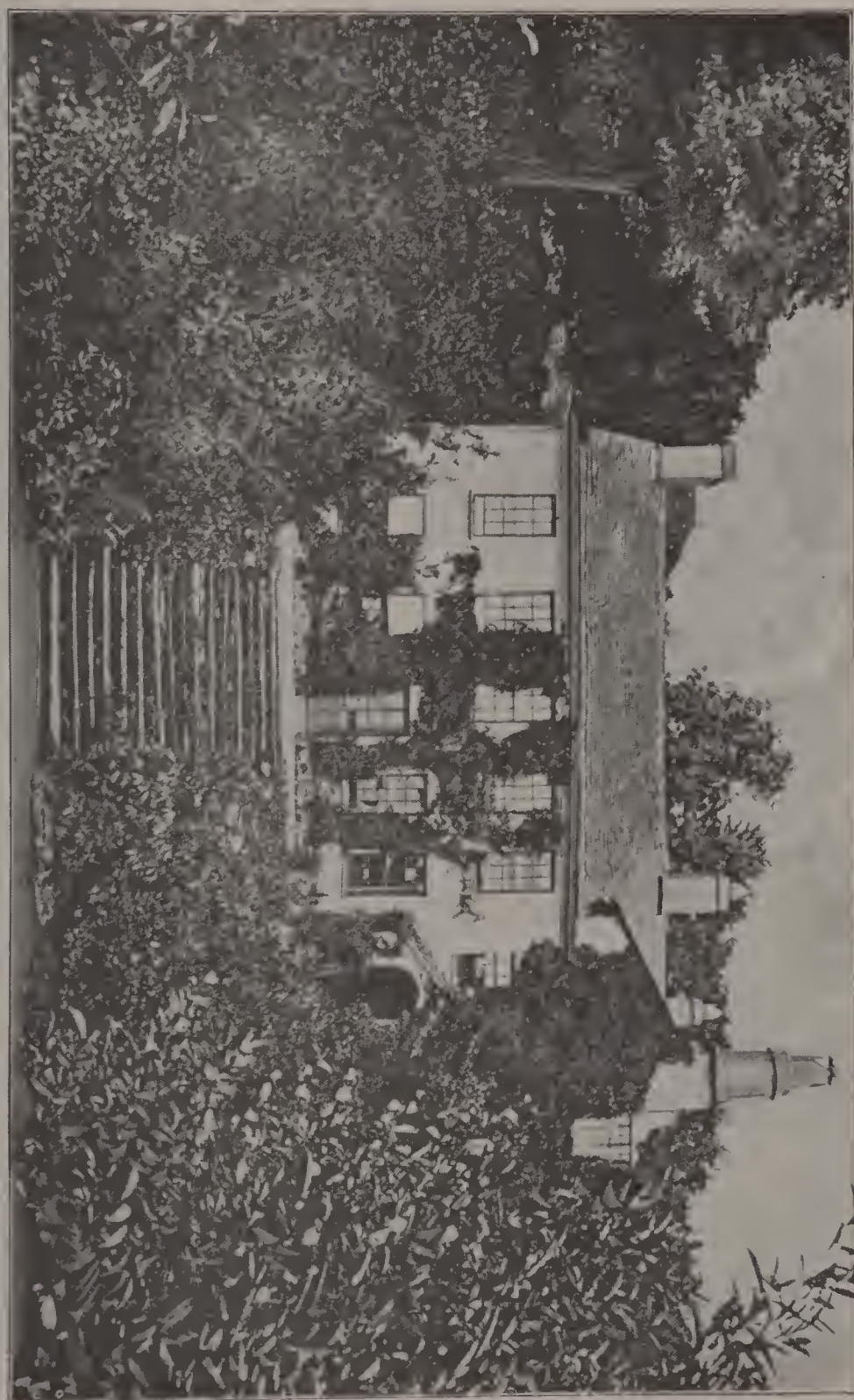
The study of this elusive characteristic of literature is one of the most fascinating forms of criticism and one of the best by which to form keenness of appreciation and correctness of interpretation.

The function of this course is to open a way for a deeper study by indicating what may be done, but it must be left to you to push your inquiries deeper and to continue your studies beyond this limited range if you would feel any confidence in the breadth of your inquiries or the justice of your judgment.

Rydal Mount

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY

Low and white, yet scarcely seen,
Are its walls for mantling green ;
Not a window lets in light
But through flowers clustering bright ;
Not a glance may wander there
But it falls on something fair :
Garden choice and fairy mound,
Only that no elves are found ;
Winding walk and sheltered nook,
For student grave and graver book ;
Or a bird-like bower perchance,
Fit for maiden and romance.
Then far off, a glorious sheen
Of wide and sunlit waters seen ;
Hills that in the distance lie
Blue and yielding as the sky ;
And nearer, closing round the nest,
The home,—of all the “living crest,”—
Other rocks and mountains stand
Rugged, yet a guardian band,
Like those that did in fable old
Elysium from the world enfold.



Biographical Sketches

Benjamin Franklin

1706-1790

Franklin was the greatest man of colonial and revolutionary times. It is rarely in the history of the world that one achieves distinction in so many different lines as did this son of a poor New England tallow-chandler. He was a scientist, and his discoveries in electricity are still the foundation of modern knowledge in that subject ; he was an inventor, and the lightning-rod, a printing press and a stove are among the common things to which he turned his genius ; as a writer, he stands among the foremost of his nation ; as an exponent of practical domestic and governmental economy not only did he influence his own generation but by his maxims and wise advice he still urges the world to right habits in living ; a statesman and a diplomat, he conducted the most delicate negotiations with foreign powers in so skilful a manner as to win their admiration and the veneration of his countrymen. Franklin stood among the greatest as a statesman, as an author and as a man of science. No other American can lay claim to such leadership in more than one of these directions.

It is difficult to consider any one power of this truly many-sided man. Our chief interest is in him as a writer but it is not so much his style as it is

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the man Franklin that makes his writings valuable. His *Autobiography* is so clear, so pointed, and rings so true that few other narratives may be compared with it. Yet there is no attempt at fine writing and little play of the imagination. He has a message and he delivers it effectively. His wit is pungent, always at hand, and his sentences are never cumbered with unnecessary words. But this as well as his other writings are valuable chiefly for the thought that is in them. They are teaching all the time. By quoting at length his *Autobiography* we may be able to give some idea of the man's early life, the simplicity of his style, and his remarkable wisdom in common everyday affairs. He writes as follows :

My father married young, and carried his wife, with three children, to New England about 1685. The conventicles being at that time forbidden by law and frequently disturbed in the meetings, some considerable men of his acquaintance determined to go to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy the exercise of their religion with freedom. By the same wife my father had four children more born there, and by a second ten others — in all seventeen ; of whom I remember to have seen thirteen sitting together at his table, who all grew up to years of maturity and were

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married. I was the youngest son and the youngest of all the children except two daughters. I was born in Boston, in New England.

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My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me as the tithe of his sons to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read, which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read, and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his.

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I continued, however, at the grammar school rather less than a year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence I was to be placed in the third at the end of the year.

But my father, burdened with a numerous family, was unable, without inconvenience, to support the expense of a college education. Considering, moreover, as he said to one of his friends in my presence, the little encouragement that line of life afforded to those

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educated for it, he gave up his first intentions, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownwell. He was a skillful master and succeeded in his profession, employing the mildest and most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but I failed entirely in arithmetic. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler ; a business to which he was not bred, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, because he found that his dyeing trade, being in little request, would not maintain his family. Accordingly I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade and had a strong inclination to go to sea, but my father declared against it. But residing near the water I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats, and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty ; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance,

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as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer ; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers ; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.

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From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books.

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This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, although he had already one son, James, of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England, with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the indenture when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve an apprenticeship till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great progress in the business and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber reading the greatest part of the night when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing.

After some time a merchant, an ingenious,

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sensible man, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, frequented our printing-office, took notice of me, and invited me to see his library and very kindly proposed to loan me such books as I chose to read. I now took a strong inclination for poetry and wrote some little pieces. My brother, supposing it might turn to account, encouraged me and induced me to compose two occasional ballads. . . . The first sold prodigiously. This success flattered my vanity ; but my father discouraged me by criticising my performances and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one ; but as prose-writing had been of great use to me in the course of my life and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how in such a situation I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument and very desirous of confuting one another ; which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the con-

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tradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice, and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, with those who may have occasion for friendship. I had caught this by reading my father's books of dispute on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh. . . . At this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have

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acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses ; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length to suit the measure or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in the *Spectator* and turned them into verse ; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them ; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night,

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or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider a duty, though I could not afford time to practice it.

When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother being yet unmarried did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes; such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty-pudding and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me weekly half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying of books; but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I re-

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mained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time till their return for study; in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking. Now it was that (being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school) I took Cocker's book on *Arithmetic*, and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease.

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While I was intent on improving my language I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), having at the end of it two little sketches on the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many examples of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradictions and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer. And being then, from reading Shaftes-

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bury and Collins, made a doubter, as I already was in many points of our religious doctrines, I found this method the safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people even of superior knowledge into concessions the consequence of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence, never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, *I conceive* or *apprehend* a thing to be so and so; *It appears to me*, or, *I should not think it*, *so or so, for such and such reasons*; or, *I imagine it to be so*; or, *It is so, if I am not mistaken*. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting. And as the chief

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ends of conversation are to *inform* or to *be informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning and sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive assuming manner that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat most of those purposes for which speech was given to us. In fact, if you wish to instruct others, a positive dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may occasion opposition and prevent a candid attention. If you desire instruction and improvement from others, you should not at the same time express yourself fixed in your present opinions. Modest and sensible men, who do not love disputation, will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your errors. In adopting such a manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers or obtain the concurrence you desire. Pope judiciously observes —

“ Men must be taught as if you taught them
not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.”

He also commended it to us
“ To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.”

Benjamin Franklin

Franklin's apprenticeship to his brother was not altogether pleasant. Misunderstandings arose, the elder brother was not altogether wise or merciful and Franklin's own spirit was an independent one. They quarreled, Benjamin was beaten and only the interposition of his father kept him from running away. The brother published a newspaper, *The New England Courant*, and because of his radical utterances therein was put in prison and finally prohibited from publishing his paper. To enable Benjamin to carry on the publication his brother released him from his apprenticeship. When they quarreled again Benjamin took advantage of this fact and declared himself independent.

I sold my books to raise a little money, was taken on board the sloop privately, had a fair wind, and in three days found myself at New York, near three hundred miles from my home, at the age of seventeen (October, 1723), without the least recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, and very little money in my pocket.

The inclination I had had for the sea was by this time done away, or I might now have gratified it. But having another profession and conceiving myself a pretty good workman, I offered my services to a printer of the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had

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been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had removed thence in consequence of a quarrel with the governor, George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do and hands enough already ; but he said, “My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death ; if you go thither I believe he may employ you.” Philadelphia was one hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, preventing our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard ; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. . . .

On approaching the island we found it was in a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surge on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung out our cable toward the shore. Some people came down to the shore and hallooed to us, as we did to them ; but the wind was so high and the surge so loud that we could not un-

Benjamin Franklin

derstand each other. There were some small boats near the shore, and we made signs and called to them to fetch us ; but they either did not comprehend us or it was impracticable, so they went off. Night approaching, we had no remedy but to have patience till the wind abated, and in the meantime the boatmen and myself concluded to sleep if we could ; and so we crowded into the hatches, where we joined the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray, breaking over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest ; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went to bed ; but having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for fever, I followed the prescription and sweat plentifully most of the night. My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

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It rained very hard all the day ; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired ; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life.

At his house I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me till a passage by some other boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by traveling on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have had me remain in that

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town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return ; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way ; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it and would row no further ; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on Sunday morning and landed at Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your

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mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I

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told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father ; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way ; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of river water ; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and

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want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

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The *Autobiography* continues in the same interesting strain and it is hoped that students will seize the first opportunity to read the entire work which is too long for us to reproduce entire.

Franklin committed many errors in his life and not all his deeds can bear the light, but he made the most of himself and, judged by the standards of the time, he was a moral man. His life was long and he lived to see the accomplishment of many of his own designs. For a year before his death he was confined to his bed and suffered keenly, bearing it all with patience and resignation, not unmindful of the fact that he was facing the inevitable and inclined to welcome the change. This one may judge by his having said that he had seen a great deal of this world and felt some growing curiosity to become acquainted with another. His last words, uttered in the paroxysms of his final suffering, were "A dying man can do nothing easily."

Washington Irving

1783-1859

“Come to Sunnyside and I will give you a book and a tree.” Such was Washington Irving’s invitation to his friends and it was as hearty as it was picturesque. He was a man so generous, so considerate of others that his friends were as numerous as his acquaintances and the beautiful house at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, was the home of all who visited it.

His life was one of a thousand in its devotion to an early love. Martha Hoffman, daughter of a man with whom he studied law, was to be his wife, but after a brief and very painful illness she died leaving Irving almost distracted with grief. For the remainder of his life, he was unable without the greatest agitation to hear the mention of her name, and wherever he went he carried with him a few pathetic mementos of his love—her Bible, her prayer-book, a lock of her hair. This touching devotion did not make him a recluse though his natural shyness and reserve kept him from accepting many of the attentions that were offered him.

He was born in New York, and early manifested a love for books and reading, although at school he did not distinguish himself in mathematics, in which he had no interest. Much to his regret, he

Washington Irving

had no schooling after he was sixteen. At that age he entered a law office and for many years his career was one of disappointment and privation. After the War of 1812 he was in England where he had gone to assist a brother in business. The war ruined their trade, and he was practically forced to take up his pen to earn a livelihood. Here he began his literary career and here he achieved his fame, for when he returned to America after seventeen years abroad he was among the most popular men of his day.

Subsequently he was appointed Minister to Spain and accepted this "crowning honor of his life" though he had frequently declined public office because he felt called to the profession of letters.

Abroad he made many noted friends; Byron praised him, Scott aided him and a host of men prominent in literature and politics, in Germany, Spain, and England spoke in glowing terms of his character and his writings.

The *Sketch Book* was his first great success and it contained both *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, the finest pieces of purely American literature that had been produced. Other works followed in quick succession for he was a rapid and indefatigable worker, often carrying his exertions to the point of breaking down his health which from childhood had been of the most delicate character. He wrote *Tales of a*

Washington Irving

Traveler, as a result of his visit to Germany ; *The Life of Columbus* was the occasion of a long residence in Spain where he produced also his charming stories of the *Alhambra* and the no less entertaining *Moorish Chronicles*.

The last and most ambitious work of his life was the *Life of Washington*. Perhaps the fact that he had been named for the great patriot and had as an infant received the blessings of his illustrious godfather served as a special inspiration. He was anxious to complete the work, often saying that he hoped to live till that was done. The fifth and last volume was written under great physical suffering and when the final words were penned he said : "I am getting ready to go ; I am shutting up my doors and windows." The end he wished for then came soon ; in fact, almost on the instant of his expression of a hope that it was not far off, he fell dying to the floor.

In the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in a little hedge-encircled lot among others of his family he lies, his resting place marked by a simple marble slab bearing the inscription :

"Washington Irving
Born April 3, 1783,
Died November 28, 1859."

Review Questions

Review Questions

1. Does the poem *Annabel Lee* show great musical power? Does it show phrasal power?

2. Does the poem *The Reaper and the Flowers* show any power in drawing character? Is it marked by unity? Find a poem which shows power in drawing character. Find a different one which shows something of the author's personality.

3. Select and learn poetical quotations to the extent of at least twenty-five lines. Learn at least twenty lines of quotable prose.

4. Into what classes is poetry divided? What poem would you select as an illustration of each class?

5. What are the different kinds of lyrics? Give an example of each.

6. How did Franklin perfect his style in prose writing?

7. What does Franklin say in his *Autobiography* about the generosity of the man having little money?

8. What are the peculiar characteristics of the typical oration?

9. Do you find among the lyrics any poems which are in a sense narrative?

10. Which of the authors you have so far read seems to you to possess the greatest descriptive power?

Memoranda

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Mar. 3, 1892

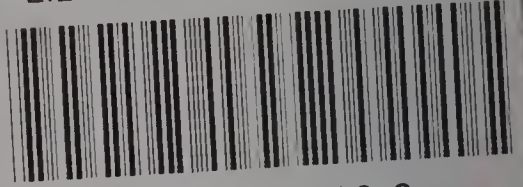
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